


SELLING BY THE 1000.
THE MOST POPULAR SONG OF THE DAY.
NEW EDITION.



If you Love me Darling Tell me with Your Eyes.

BY
HUBBARD T. SMITH.

SOPRANO or TENOR in B ^b	40	MARCH	40
MEZZO SOPRANO or BARITONE in A ^b	40	SCHOTTISCHE	40
GUITAR SONG	40	WALTZ	40
GUITAR SOLO	30	MEDLEY WALTZES	75
BANJO MEDLEY	35	VIOLIN SOLO	15
MANDOLIN SOLO	15	VIOLIN & PIANO	40
MANDOLIN & GUITAR	40	CORNET SOLO	15
MANDOLIN & PIANO	40	CORNET & PIANO	40
TWO MANDOLINS	25	ZITHER	30
TWO MANDOLINS & GUITAR	50	ORCHESTRA SMALL 50. FULL 60	
TWO MANDOLINS & PIANO	50	PIANO ACCOMP. TO ORCHESTRA 15	

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"Kootsie Wootsie."

H. T. SMITH. Price, 40 cents.

Voc.

1. Did you ev-er hear a fond ma-ma when talk-ing To a lit-tle ty-rant on her knee, Who spends its time in cooing or in squawking
 2. When the ba-by smiles and coos, his pa-pa holds him, In his arms, and pets him all he can, When baby kicks and squeals, at once he thinks of
 3. I sup-pose some-time a-go I was a ba-by, It must have been in a-ges long gone by I'm sure I spent my time in al-ways smil-ing

mp

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Don't Ask Me.

HUBBARD T. SMITH. Price, 40 cents.

1. A lit-tle boy and a lit-tle gun! (Ex-cuse me while I shed a tear.) Went out one day to have some fun, (Ex-cuse me while I shed a tear.)
 2. A can of oil and Miss Me-ri-er (Ex-cuse me while I shed a tear.) Combined to build a kitchen fire, (Ex-cuse me while I shed a tear.)
 3. In our back lot browsed an old gray mule (Ex-cuse me while I shed a tear.) Little Bill Jones was coming from school (Excuse me while I shed a tear.)

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Listen to My Tale of Woe.

Words by EUGENE FIELD.

Music by HUBBARD T. SMITH. Price, 40 cents.

Moderato.

1. A lit-tle peach in an or-ward grew, Lis-ten to my tale of woe. A lit-tle peach of em'rald hue, Warn'd by the sun and wet by the dew,
 2. Now up at the peach a club they threw, Lis-ten to my tale of woe, Down from the stem on which it grew, Fell the little peach of em'rald hue,
 3. Under the turf where the daisies grew, Lis-ten to my tale of woe, They planted John and his sister Sue, And their little souls to the angels flew,

p *cres.* *f*

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"No! Naughty Boy, So There."

HUBBARD T. SMITH. Price, 40 cents.

1. 'Twas on Sat-ur-day evening the day had been fine; Thinks I, a stroll will I take..... Per-haps I may meet that sweetheart of mine.
 2. I con-tinued my stroll-ing thro' the big park, Such spooning before I ne'er saw..... When an-other big swell raised his hat to me,
 3. But now, kind friends, I make my a-dieu, A parting word please let me say..... If you want to make love to some pretty girl,

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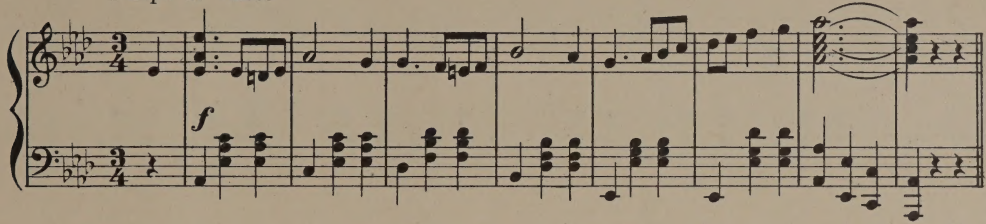
"IF YOU LOVE ME, DARLING, TELL ME WITH YOUR EYES."

Key of A \flat .

Words by SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

Music by HUBBARD T. SMITH.

Tempo di Valse.



a. tempo.

1. Thro' the gloam - ing chil - ly Falls the si - lent snow, . . .
 2. Fires that burn in qui - et Long and bright - ly glow, . . .
 3. There are none to list - en Yet why should we speak? . . .

. . . Like a shat - tered lil - y Drift - ing to and fro; . . .
 . . . Flames that rush and ri - ot. Soon to ash - es go. . . .
 . . . When soft glan - ces glist - en Whis - pered words are weak. . . .

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ritard.

Yet be-side our in - gle Sum - mer dreams a - rise,
 Lips that move not oft - en When they love are wise,
 We who know love's si - lence Need no low re - plies. . . .

a tempo.

If you love me, Dar - ling, Tell me with your eyes.
 If you love me, Dar - ling, Tell me with your eyes.
 If you love me, Dar - ling, Tell me with your eyes.

Lis - ten to my plead - ing, Speak, dark eyes of blue,

If you love me, etc.

Lift your dusk - y lash - es, Let the love light through. . .

Be no pro - mise spo - ken; Breathe no bro - ken sighs;

rit. *a tempo.*
If you love me, Dar - ling, Tell me with your eyes.

If you love me, etc.

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I Know a Fair and Pretty Maiden.

HUBBARD T. SMITH. Price, 40 cents.

1. I know a fair and pret-ty maid-en, With tell-tale eyes and golden hair, Whose cherry lips seem ever la-den, With dew-y nec-tar pure and rare,
 2. Her form's as light, her step's as airy, As an-y oth-er lass I ween; And she's as bright as any fair-y, That trips along the meadow green.
 3. The lily's petals may be whiter, The rose's blush of deeper trace, But, ah! her cheeks are purer, brighter, As modest beauty decks her face.

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Love's Summer.

Words by M. A. KIDDER.

Music by HUBBARD T. SMITH. Price, 40 cents.

Moderato. *ritard.*

1. The sum-mer is lend-ed, my dar-ling, my own; The blossoms have faded, the song-birds have flown. But what does it mat-ter to us lit-tle one,
 2. The red leaves are fall-ing, my dar-ling, my fair; While keen winds are blowing, and chill is the air; Yet bright is the sun-shine, from skies that are blue;
 3. The waves of old ocean make roan to the land, The wild angry billows dash high on the strand, But what does it mat-ter to you or to me,

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"Tell Me, Love."

HUBBARD T. SMITH. Price, 40 cents.

Moderato.

1. Bid me not, dear - est, cease to think of thee, and say fare - well, For who can break the mys - tic link that love binds with its spell.
 2. I cannot burst the silk - en band, wo - ven in joy - ous hours, When we thro' fields went hand in hand to gath - er sweet, wild flowers.
 3. Breathe not, breathe not those farewell words, but bid my doubts re - move, And then the heart's sweet, trembling chords will vi - brate on - ly love.

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That Lit-tle Knot of Blue.

Words by SAMUEL M. PICK.

Music by HUBBARD T. SMITH. Price, 40 cents.

Tempo di Valse.

1. She hath no gems of lus - ter bright to spar - kle in her hair..... No need hath she of bor-row'd light to make her beau - ty fair.....
 2. I met her down the shadow'd lane beneath the ap - ple tree..... The balm - y blos - soms fell like rain up - on my love and me.....

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